Glo. I serue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the house?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a baud in way of good seruice, & art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least sillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thon, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'st varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon shines, ile make a sop of the Moone-shine a'you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring Letters against the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, against the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you slaue, stand rogue, stand you neat
strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his Rapier drawne, Gloceſter, the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter?

Ken. With you goodman boy, and you please come, il
you, come on yong master.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, what's the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.

Duke. What's your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarse in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour,
wardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Taylor made t

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylour make a ma

Kent. I, a taylour sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter co
haue made him so ill, though he had bene but two houre
trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian sir, whose life I haue spar'
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter, m
if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted vill
to morter, and daube the wals of a Iaques with him; s
gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly knaue you haue no reueren

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty, such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,